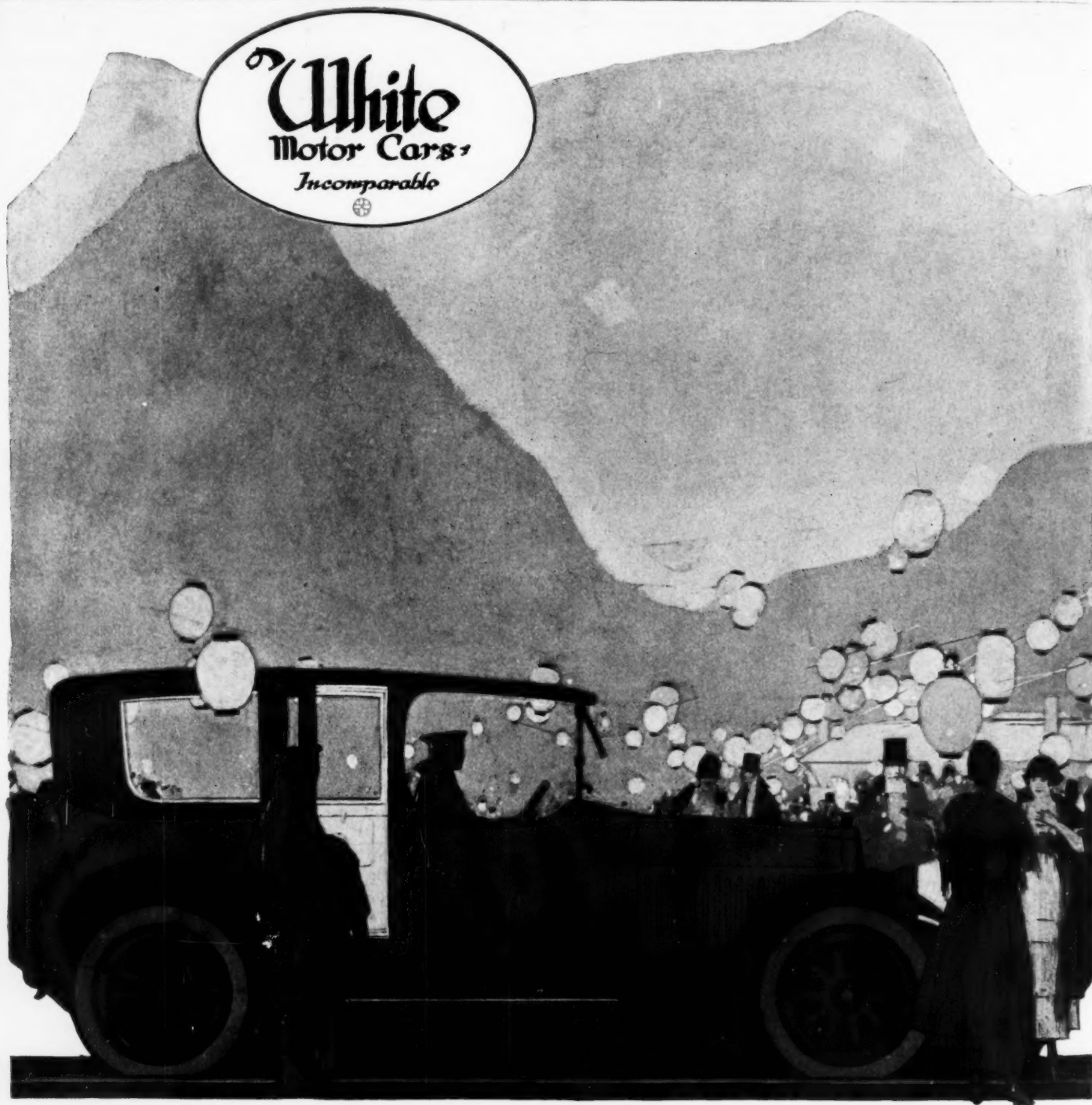




THE SEA MONSTER

White
Motor Cars,
Incomparable



The fine enclosed car holds an important place in the environment of those whose choice in all things denotes cultured discrimination. To such persons the enclosed car must be more than simply a conveyance—it must express cultivation of taste—it must be fashionable in the truest sense—it must bespeak the personality of the owner. White enclosed cars are custom-built, affording you the opportunity to collaborate with our designers in having the finish and decorations identified with your own personal taste. Let us submit plans for your new enclosed car—Limousine, Landaulet, Semi-Touring or Town Car. Fall delivery assured on orders placed now.

The WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio



STAMMERERS

NOTICE, that:—

I have discovered the explanation of stammering, the principle of cure, a sure and efficient method of correction, and the means of extermination.

I desire to publish all this information; but, owing principally to the attitude of the Medical Profession, I have been unable to do so.

Unless reasonable support is given my work, the information will have to be capitalized, in which case most stammerers will lose the benefit of it.

This is the first, and probably the last notice.

ERNEST TOMPKINS, M. E., Hamburger Building, LOS ANGELES

Fixing the Blame

It is a biological law of nature that bars women from original and great epoch-making achievement.

—Dr. Simon Baruch, in *N. Y. Times*.

WE have never seen a biological law of nature, with its sleeves rolled up and grim determination in its eye, telling woman to "move on, now," but we have heard so much about it from time to time from distinguished scientists that we think something ought to be done toward putting it on exhibition. Or, if there is more than one biological law of nature—and we are confidently informed that there is—we should like to see them all and watch them doing their work.

Do they work just because they love it, and what is their particular method? In these days of intense publicity every biological law of nature ought to be made to give an account of itself. If it is voluntarily, just because it likes to be peevish and unreasonable, keeping women from original and epoch-making achievements, then we ought to know it. It's a shame that any biological law of nature should have so much power, without having been graduated from any doctors' college or having any license to practice. There are lots of women spending their husband's hard-earned wealth, sitting in

There's something about them you'll like.



Twenty for a Quarter

TRADE MARK

Herbert
Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample on request.
Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45th St. New York.

Satisfactory Everyday Service

PROVES
THE
VALUE

ROADS LIKE THIS—



—FEEL LIKE THIS.



OF THE
Hartford
SHOCK ABSORBER

Everyday service is the best criterion by which to gauge the merits of the

Hartford
SHOCK ABSORBER

It has influenced

350,000 car owners to use it;

Over 25 Factories to adopt it as standard equipment;

More than 95% of racing drivers to have it on their cars in every race.

But the experience of these need not be your only guide. Judge for yourself. Test the Hartford out over any and all roads. Make a thorough job of it—choose the roughest. This is your guarantee—Satisfaction or Money Back. Convince yourself that it stops jolting, jarring and vibration, contributes to solid comfort, prevents spring breakage, controls side sway, makes tires last longer, cuts cost of maintenance, insures longer life for your car.

Write, mentioning make, year and model of car and we will tell you how to make it truly comfortable. You can have the Hartford Shock Absorber on your new car if you insist.

Executive Offices and Works.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO.
192 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.

E. V. HARTFORD, President

Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper.

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Newark, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis.

*Formerly Truitt-Hartford



Makes Every Road a Boulevard

palm rooms day after day, eating perfectly good food, going into hysterics over woman suffrage, gushing about the drama, poetry, old masters, twilight sleep, civics, etc., etc., none of them producing any epoch-making achievements, and all because a horrid biological law won't let them. But—now that we have directed attention to it—just wait until the women get after this biological law! There won't be enough left of it to cover the face of a suffrage button.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes



Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. It rests the feet, prevents friction, blisters, Corns and Bunions and makes walking or standing easy. **Don't go to the California Expositions** without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevents swollen, hot feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. **Don't accept any substitute.**

"Oh! What Rest and Comfort"

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



A Gibson Secret
Concerning "Life"

To be revealed in a coming number

The Secret

Is one that concerns Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, Life and many others.

If you miss the revelation it may be because you are not a regular subscriber. Obey that impulse.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Life

is on sale at all news-stands, ten cents. If your dealer is out of it, let us know.

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LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

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initials
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UP-TO-

Here's a Case That's UP TO YOU!

Classy and unique! Operated by a finger which lifts the contents.

"UP TO YOU"

No metal springs, clamps, or pressure to crush or bruise the cigarettes. Made of leather, inside and out. Size 3x2½ in., weight 1 oz. In genuine black seal or imported pig-skin. Price \$1. A special one for full dress in shiny white Morocco for \$1.25. All postage paid. With your initials embossed or in gold leaf, 25c additional.

UP-TO-YOU Case Co., Brattleboro, Vermont



Rumored Expatriation of Mr. H. James

THERE is a London report that Henry James will renounce his American citizenship and become a British subject because of his dissatisfaction with the lack of protest by the United States against the gross violations of the rights of humanity by Germany.

We wish Mr. James might have written all our protests himself. The Germans deserved it.

He is a good man, and his feelings about the war are all right. If he changes his allegiance no one ought to say a cross word about it. But probably he won't. It would be some trouble, and there is trouble enough in the world just now without taking any gratis.

But if Mr. James does swap allegiance he should become a Frenchman. France has shown up best in this war, and has made the most effective protest against Germany.

Bigelow Brothers in Print

THE brothers Bigelow both write letters to the papers. The habit runs in the family. Their father had it, with results that were always edifying. Brother Poultney is a writer by profession and an expert on Ger-

A split of White Rock and a dash of lemon

a thirst quencher Mildly Alkaline



Resinol Soap

certainly has cleared my skin

If you want a clear, fresh, glowing complexion, use Resinol Soap at least once a day. Work a warm, creamy lather of it well into the pores, then rinse the face with plenty of cold water.

It does not take many days of such regular care with Resinol Soap to show an improvement, because the Resinol medication *soothes* and *refreshes* the skin, while the pure soap, free from alkali, is *cleansing* it. The same treatment does wonders for the hands, arms and neck.

When the skin is in a very neglected condition, with pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, spread on just a little Resinol Ointment for ten or fifteen minutes before using Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

For a guestroom size trial cake, write Dept. 16-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

mans. What he writes about Germans always makes for knowledge and satisfaction in the reader unless he is pro-German. Brother John was in the army and is an expert in military concerns, and has that painful propensity which is noticed in some military men to extol Germans and extenuate war as they wage it. He has said that the Germans only did in Belgium about what General Sherman did in Georgia, which is not so.

To bad Brother John has this quirk.

DON'T STAY TOO FAT

Comfort, health and fashion demand right physical proportions. You can reduce the flesh on your entire body, or any part, by wearing one of Dr. Jeanne Walter's Famous Rubber Garments for men and women a few hours a day.

The safe and quick way to reduce is by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians.

Frown Eradicator	- - - -	\$2.00
Chin Reducer	- - - -	2.00
Neck and Chin Reducer	- - - -	3.00
Bust Reducer	- - - -	5.00
Abdominal Reducer	- - - -	6.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, &c., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism. Write at once for further particulars.

DR. JEANNE G. WALTER

45 West 34th St., New York

Corset Reducer shown above can be worn comfortably under the corset; reduces the bust, hips and thighs.



Neck and Chin Reducer of specially treated rubber, restores the wrinkled and saggy muscles to a firm, healthy condition \$3.00



The 1916 SIX - \$1145

MODEL 86

F.O.B. TOLEDO

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

Roomy seven-passenger touring car
Quiet 45 horsepower six cylinder motor
Efficiently lubricated—unusually economical
35x4½-inch tires all around; non-skids on rear
125-inch wheelbase; high tension magneto ignition
Electric control buttons located on steering column

WITH our production capacity increased to 600 cars per day, we are in a position to offer the 1916 Overland Six at the remarkably low price of \$1145. You will, we believe, find that this car is considerably under the market price of other Sixes having equal or similar specifications.

GRASP the full significance of its size as denoted by wheelbase, seating capacity, tires; of its generous, efficient power equipment; of its superior ignition; of its every comfort and convenience; of its beautiful lines. Then realize that the Overland price for these extremes of luxury is only \$1145.

Specifications

Seven passenger touring
125-inch wheelbase
45 horsepower motor
High-tension magneto
Two-unit electric starter
Electrically lighted
Headlight dimmers

Full-streamline body design
Genuine leather upholstery
One-man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain-vision, ventilating type
windshield built in
Full floating rear axle

Extra long underslung rear
springs
35 inch x 4½ inch tires;
smooth tread in front;
non-skids in rear
Left hand drive
Center control

Demountable rims
One extra rim
High grade, magnetic speed-
ometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on
steering column

The new Overland Sixes are being demonstrated and delivered now. See the Overland dealer in your town.
Model 83 four cylinder, five passenger touring car—\$750 f. o. b. Toledo

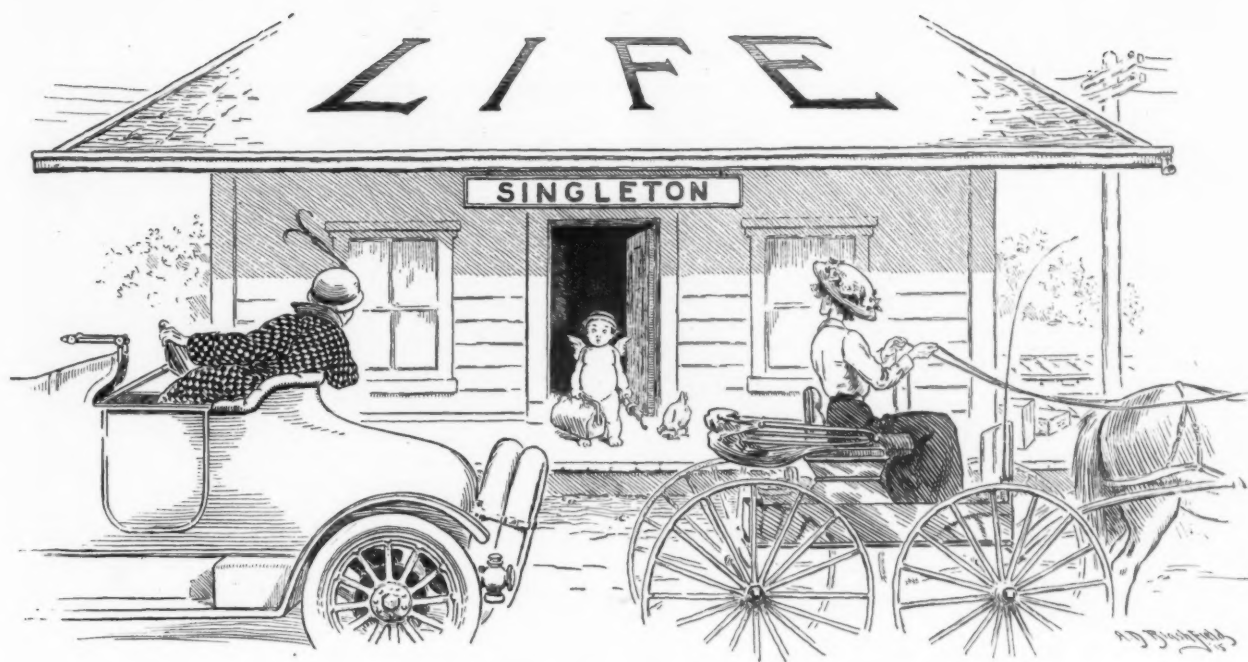
Catalog on request. Address Dept. 328

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Also manufacturers of the Willys-Knight automobile.
"Made in U. S. A."

Canadian Prices:
Model 86, \$1600—Model 83, \$1050, f. o. b. Hamilton
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited,
Hamilton, Ont.





Both: GOING MY WAY?

The Only Books

OH, take away these books that tell
The hideous so-called truth of
things,
These little documents of hell—
Bring us the book that dreams and
sings
And whispers "All is well!"

The beautiful is just as true,
And truer perhaps, when all is told,
Than all this dross and dirt that you
With little maggot eyes behold—
Are there not roses, too?

Dull pedants of the seamy side
Of earth's fair robe of stars and
flowers,
Life is a stream where glories ride
'Twixt singing banks a-gold with
towers,
Trumpets and pennoned pride.

Give us the book that flowers and
flames
With love and youth and noble tears,
Great life with all its laureled games;
Give us again the "Musketeers"
And keep your Henry James!

Richard Le Gallienne.

WHY not turn the navy all over to Brother Ford? In six months he would be turning out a battleship every forty-nine seconds.



RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1914, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$150,987.58 and has given a fortnight in the country to 36,767 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$4,593.37
Rosebud, Honey, Babe	3.00
F. L. Gross	5.00
M. E. Wood	10.00
Mrs. W. E. Lowe	5.00
A Friend	1.00
May, Sallie and Helen	20.00
C	1.00
Margaret, William and Herrika Button	6.00
Mrs. W. M. Greene	10.00
F. H. Foster	5.71
Proceeds of a fair held in Oswego, N. Y., by the following little girls: Margaret Midlinger, Edith Quirk, Christine Quirk, Mary Pell and Katharine Kellogg.....	5.00
R	10.00
Mrs. Ziegler	100.00
Charles A. Hone	10.00
"Mr. Griggs' Sunday-school Boys"	5.65
H. M. S.	10.00
"Five Little Mice"	5.00
I. R. B. and E.	25.00

\$4,830.73



AT LIFE'S FARM
TAMING A WILD BEAST

Cog Life Not Enough

THE handle of the screw-driver has broken off. Shall I whittle it down and put it on again?

No; it wouldn't pay. Time is too precious. It would take a dollar's worth of time, and I can buy a new screw-driver for a quarter.

Contemporary thrift saves time. Tinkering is almost a lost art; whittlers are scarce; wages are high. When any common utensil needs mending it is usually cheaper to throw it away and buy a new one made by machinery. Until lately it was the custom in the Post Office to save the twine that came around packages of letters, but twine got so cheap and wages so high that untying knots ceased to pay.

It is not at all lovely, this thriftiness as to time and wastefulness of commodities. Art is lavish of time and pains. Business is as stingy as possible of both. The abhorrence of waste used to be a respected element in character. Menders of things broken learned to be self-helpful. The whittling Yankee who could turn a skillful hand to anything had learned

to think and had, in a way, a rounded development. The contemporary man sees the most profit in concentration on a single detail of life. He probably sees true, but what do you call him, a man or a cog in the world's machine?

Most modern men are cogs; nothing more. The modern German ideal is that all Germans should be cogs in the great state machine and sink their souls in the soul of the state. It is that that makes the reported intention of the Germans to restore Louvain so appalling. Art calls for something more than cogs.

Too many servants tend to make people helpless. Machinery is the general slavery nowadays, and, of course, it does a great deal for people that they might better do for themselves. It tends to make us helpless, thriftless, to keep us undeveloped. But it saves us a lot of time, and if we are clever enough we may be able to use the time thus saved to foil the machines in their purpose to work our undoing.

In these machine-made days every-

body ought to have spare time and waste it on something that won't pay except in the good it does his character. In that way, or in ways like that, he may save himself from shrinking up into the dimensions of a cog.

Be a cog, of course. It is the way to make a living. But don't be satisfied with mere cog life. Have an art or something. Have a soul, and feed it in your spare time. People behave as though their souls could go without gasoline. Tut, tut! One reason why people go crazy is that their souls are so underfed.

Really, the only important thing machinery does for the world is to give us spare time—if we have sense enough to take it. The reason why Edison sleeps only four hours in twenty-four is not that he may work twenty hours a day, but that he may have eighteen spare hours in which to think over a couple of hours' work and put it off. With economy of sleep and food Mr. Edison is able nowadays to save for himself eighteen spare hours a day. It has been good for his character, and is probably a leading reason why he has come to



"PLEASE, MUM, YE REMEMBER SENDIN' SOME BRANDY TO A FELLER WE SAVED FROM DROWNDIN' LAST TOOSDAY?"
 "YES. WHAT OF IT?"
 "HE FELL IN AGAIN TO-DAY."

be so much respected. He is a cog, but only for about one-twelfth of his time. The rest of his time he uses for himself.

We cannot all hope to do as well as Edison and have eighteen hours a day to spare, but we should have what we can and waste it for our good, even though we have to apply ourselves uncomfortably hard in our cog hours.

E. S. Martin.

LET us aid the starving peons,
 Let us feed them well until
 Messrs. Villa and Carranza
 Think they're fat enough to kill.

The Wrong Sentiment

OUT in Colorado the other day John R. Lawson, who has been sentenced to imprisonment for life for a murder he did not commit, made this statement in a hearing for a new trial:

Solemnly facing iron bars and prison walls, I assert my love for justice and my faith in its ultimate triumph; not a justice of theory, but of reality extending to men, women and children whose equality of opportunity it embraces.

Of course the remark did no good, and Mr. Lawson's counsel should

have so advised him in advance. How much better had he said:

Utterly contemptuous of iron bars and prison walls, I assert my love of dollars and my faith in the ultimate triumph of property. With dollars in plenty one can be guilty or not guilty, sane or insane, as he chooses. Then ho for the dividends, no matter how many men, women and children are crushed in the struggle!

If Judge Granby Hillyer had heard those words he would probably have fallen on Mr. Lawson's neck and wept for joy, and they all would have lived happily ever after.

E. O. J.

What Is a Short Story?

THOSE interested in the short story contest now running in *LIFE* may have remarked upon the fact that in the published conditions there is no precise definition of a short story.

There was a reason for this. It was discovered, after discussion, that no two agreed as to precisely what a short story is, and it was thought best, therefore, not to pin the contestants down to a prescribed formula.

Where the editors, however, agree that a contribution comes within the broad scope of the contest and is interesting enough, it is immediately accepted and published, pending the final decision of the judges who are to be selected later.

There are, however, certain broad lines upon which it is possible to discuss what a short story is, and a few words upon the subject may possibly serve as a guide. In the first place, it ought to be immediately evident to any one who gives the subject the slightest thought that a short story, in the broad sense in which it is used in the contest, is not an anecdote, a piece of repartee or an epigram. The short story, as it is recognized by competent literary people, has established enough history for itself to give it a general identity. What Poe, de Maupassant, Kipling and O. Henry have done makes us feel in a certain definite manner what a short story is.

It was upon this common ground that (as a prelude to *LIFE*'s contest) a group of literary men fell one day to discussing just how short a short story can be and still be a short story. The remark was made that no story longer than fifteen hundred words could be used in *LIFE*, where condensation is so important. It was immediately suggested that it would be extremely interesting to see how much shorter than this limit it would be possible to make a short story without destroying its general identity. Thus there grew up from this discussion the idea of the present short story contest.

Some of the contributions which have already appeared were voted against by a minority of the readers on the

ground that they were not what these readers understood to be a short story.

With this preface, therefore, let us, if possible, throw some light on what a short story is. What follows is a kind of composite definition. It is not intended to be considered complete or final. It is not the cohesive opinion of one individual, but only a number of definitions offered as suggestions.

A short story must contain at least two characters, for otherwise there would be no contrast or struggle. A situation must be depicted in which there are two opposing forces.

A short story must be a picture out of real life which gives the reader a definite sensation, such as he gets upon looking at a masterpiece of painting. While it must be complete in itself, the art of it lies in what it suggests to the reader beyond its own limits. That is to say, it must convey an idea much larger than itself. It is the open sesame to a golden principle.

Every short story must of necessity deal with human beings, either directly or indirectly. It must reveal in the briefest possible manner—as it were, like a flash—a situation which carries the reader beyond it. It is, therefore, inevitable that the supreme test of the short story lies in its climax. This climax must gather up everything that has gone before, and perhaps by only one word epitomize the whole situation in such a way as to produce in the reader a sense of revelation—just as if he were the sole spectator to a supremely interesting human mystery now suddenly made plain.

The technique of a short story should be such that no word in its vocabulary will suggest triteness or the fatal thought that the author is dependent upon others for this form. When, for example, we read such phrases as, "With a glad cry she threw her arms about him," "A hoarse shout went up from the vast throng," "He flected the ashes," we know at once that the author is only dealing in echoes.

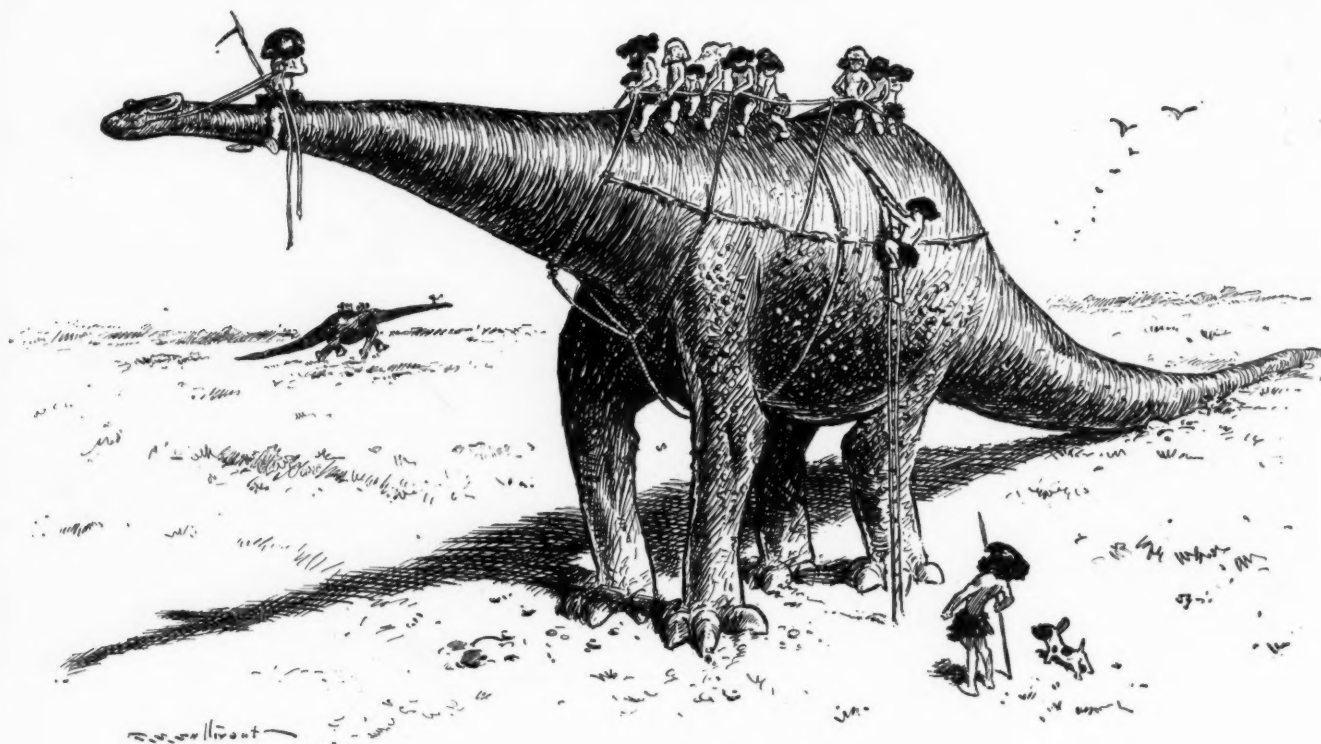


PERPETUAL MOTION



"OH, GEORGE, YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE!"

"NEVER MIND, DEARIE; I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER."



THE ORIGINAL JITNEY

Society Item

ONCE there was a girl whose parents had money and moved in that material substance which is known as "good society."

The doctors prescribed for her.
Trained nurses coddled her.
Teachers exploited her.
Transportation companies smoothed her down.

Other countries philologized her.
Newspapers reported her.
Schools finished her.
The church married her.
The court divorced her.
And a couple of days after her death had been reported in the papers—
The world forgot her.

WHEN a man wants some one to piece out his mind he goes and finds a woman to talk to.

And a woman in a like situation looks around for a man.



The Sport: I AIN'T GOIN' TO SAY MY PRAYERS TO-NIGHT, MOTHER. I'M GOIN' TO TAKE A CHANCE



LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST



(Each story printed under the above heading is a candidate for the \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 prizes offered by LIFE in answer to the question: *How short can a short story be and still be a short story?* The stories accepted are paid for upon acceptance at the rate of ten cents a word for every word up to 1,500 which the author does not write. See conditions on page 301 of this issue.)

Hope

By Edward Thomas Noonan

"HERE'S a pathetic case of chronic melancholia," the doctor continued, as we walked among the inmates. "That white-haired woman has been here twenty-six years. She is entirely tractable with one obsession. Every Sunday she writes this letter:

Dear John:

I am sorry we quarreled when you were going away out West. It was all my fault. I hope you will forgive and write.

Your loving

"SUNDAY.

ESTHER."

"Every Monday she asks for a letter, and, though receiving none, becomes radiant with hope and says: 'It will come to-morrow.' The last of the week she is depressed. Sunday she again writes her letter. That has been

her life for twenty-six years. Her youthful face is due to her mental inactivity. Aimlessly she does whatever is suggested. The years roll on and her emotions alternate between silent grief and fervid hope.

"This is the male ward. That tall man has been here twenty years. His history sheet says from alcoholism. He went to Alaska, struck gold and returned home to marry the girl he left behind. He found her insane and began drinking, lost his fortune and then his reason, and became a ward of the state, always talking about his girl and events that happened long ago.

"He is the 'John' to whom 'Esther' writes her letter.

"They meet every day.

"They will never know each other."

and idly looked at some things without knowing what they were. It was a sale day, and the crowd in the store was immense. She came to herself when a sharp cry sounded at her right and the throng surged in that direction.

A woman had fainted, one of the saleswomen. She was a tall woman, thin and not bad looking. She had been waiting on Viola the moment before, and she had simply crumpled behind the counter without a word. The cry had come from a cash-girl who happened to see her fall. They lifted the woman and carried her limp and pitiful to the elevator, a policeman keeping back the crowd.

She left the store and wandered again aimlessly about the streets. The sidewalks were crowded, mostly with women. It was getting warm, and the women all looked tired and wilted. Lines of them disappeared into certain doors, and Viola, looking in, saw that these doors were entrances to cheap restaurants. It was the lunch hour, and these women were taking their short recess.

The display in the window of one of these places attracted her attention. It contained meats in various stages of preparation and dressing and a wild assortment of vegetables. Some flies had gotten inside the glass and hovered about the viands. She turned away in disgust.

She thought of her own lunch. When she was downtown St. John always took her to lunch with him at one of the hotels. The white napery, the soft lights, the stealthy-footed waiters, the music, the silver sprang into her mind in vivid contrast to the cheap display she had just turned from. She shuddered.

In the palm room of the Brinton, with the cool, shadowed comfort about

In Cold Blood

By Joseph Hall

WITH the door of her room locked Viola Perrin opened the letter which she had taken from her husband's office table. It was not very securely glued, and she succeeded in loosening the flap without marring the envelope.

When she had read it she dropped the thing upon her dressing table and stared with dry, unseeing eyes into the mirror. Her world had crumbled. She did not burst into tears. She was one of those women who cannot weep. The thing that had happened to her left her racked, writhing, tearless.

Suddenly the horror of the thing struck her with full force. St. John was untrue. He was intriguing with

another woman even while he was being the same courteous, attentive husband to her that he had always been. She rose and clenched her hands fiercely. She caught her lower lip cruelly between her teeth. For the first time in her life she wanted to scream.

In an instant she was hot with anger and hurt pride. She rose quickly and dressed for the street. She hurried. She must get away. She had no right in this room, in this house, in the house of a man who did not love her.

Outside she walked to the street car. She had no plan. She did not intend to go to his office. She was simply getting away from his home.

She went into a department store

her and an ice before her, the thought of her tragedy returned. She had been evading it all day, putting it away from her, shunning it. But it was always with her, reminding her that her world, the life she had lived, was shattered.

What then? She must go away. It would be better to go quietly, without giving any reason, simply leave. Of course, St. John would understand, as would Myrtle Weiss, but their guilt would seal their tongues.

Disappear? And then what? How would she live? What could she do? She was incompetent to teach. She knew nothing about office work. Of course, she could clerk in a store.

Suddenly a vision of what that life would mean to her passed deadeningly before her. She remembered the thin, tall woman who had fainted behind the counter without a word. The lines of wilted workers, hastening in their worn clothes to their cheap lunches, rose before her. She shivered.

For seven years she had lived in the

lap of luxury. Nothing had been denied her. She had the best of clothes, the best of service, the choicest of food, the promptest of attention of every kind. Her home was one of the handsomest houses in the most restricted and stylish residence district of the city.

Another thought came to her. No one knew that she had found the letter.

The clock in the palm room showed the time to be one-thirty. St. John, she knew, was out of town.

She rose quickly and left the room. At the office Miss Johnston, the stenographer, had just returned from the dairy lunch across the street. She was powdering her rather unattractive nose. Mrs. Perrin smiled at her as she entered her husband's room. Vaguely she envied this homely creature.

The table was undisturbed, exactly as she had left it.

She sealed the letter carefully and replaced it on the top of the little pile of mail upon the blotter.

thought he had been hurt when the horse fell in, but he wasn't, and he was not in the least bothered by having to throw him back out again. He went back to his digging."

"Let me see that paper." Kallaher rose and took it from her hand. Slowly he went over the story—which the reporter who wrote it had thought exceeding clever. "Yeh," he said finally, "that's me, all right."

Mrs. Coogan looked upon him with respect. "I never thought much of you before, Mike Kallaher, but you're the only man I know that could pick up a horse." She turned to his wife. "It's no wonder you're a meek woman, Mary, but you ought to be proud of a man like that, sure."

"Are you coming on with supper, now?" asked Kallaher in a mighty voice of the speechless Mrs. Kallaher. "Be quick now, or I'll give you what's needing."

Never before had he dared make a threat as if he meant it. His wife was struck with sudden awe. She gasped and hurried silently with the setting on of supper. She trembled and dropped a dish.

"You poor clumsy dub!" roared her husband, towering to the height of five-feet-two. "Are you so weak you can't hold a pot, now?"

"Excuse me, Michael," she murmured. "Excuse me, man. I was excited."

Mrs. Coogan saw with approval that Kallaher was bullying his wife, and went down the street to tell the neighborhood.

In Mike Kallaher's kitchen—for it had suddenly become his own, after belonging for fifteen years to his wife—a poor, meek, unhappy-looking Irishwoman was obeying orders. She jumped when he yelled at her, which he did every two minutes to see her jump, begged his pardon, brought his pipe, and looked on in silence when he deliberately knocked out the ashes on the newly scrubbed floor. A man who could throw a horse out of a ditch would stop at nothing.

As the new monarch sat in his chair looking contemptuously away from his slave, who was tentatively watching him, there was a knock at the door. Mike's chest had begun to get tired

The Horse Heaver

By Lyman Bryson

"FOR why should you be tired?" demanded his wife, splashing her arms viciously in the suds as she finished the day's rinsing. "You've nothing to do but shovel dirt all day and rest when your boss ain't looking."

"G'wan, I'm a hard-working man," said Kallaher. "And, what's more, I can kick about it whenever I want to without any remarks from yourself. I'm tired. When's supper?"

"Supper is any time when I can get my arms dry and get a good breath." Mrs. Kallaher began belligerently to get his supper.

Kallaher stretched his short legs out in front of him and leaned back in his chair. "It was a hard day," he said gently. "As if it wasn't enough to have me breaking my back with the shovel and all, a fool drove his horse too close to the ditch, and the dumb beast fell in on top of me."

"That's likely—now, ain't it?—and you being here to tell about it!"

"Believe it or not, it happened." Kallaher folded his hands across the

place where he didn't wear a belt and sighed. "But I put him out again and went on with my work without taking a rest or nothing."

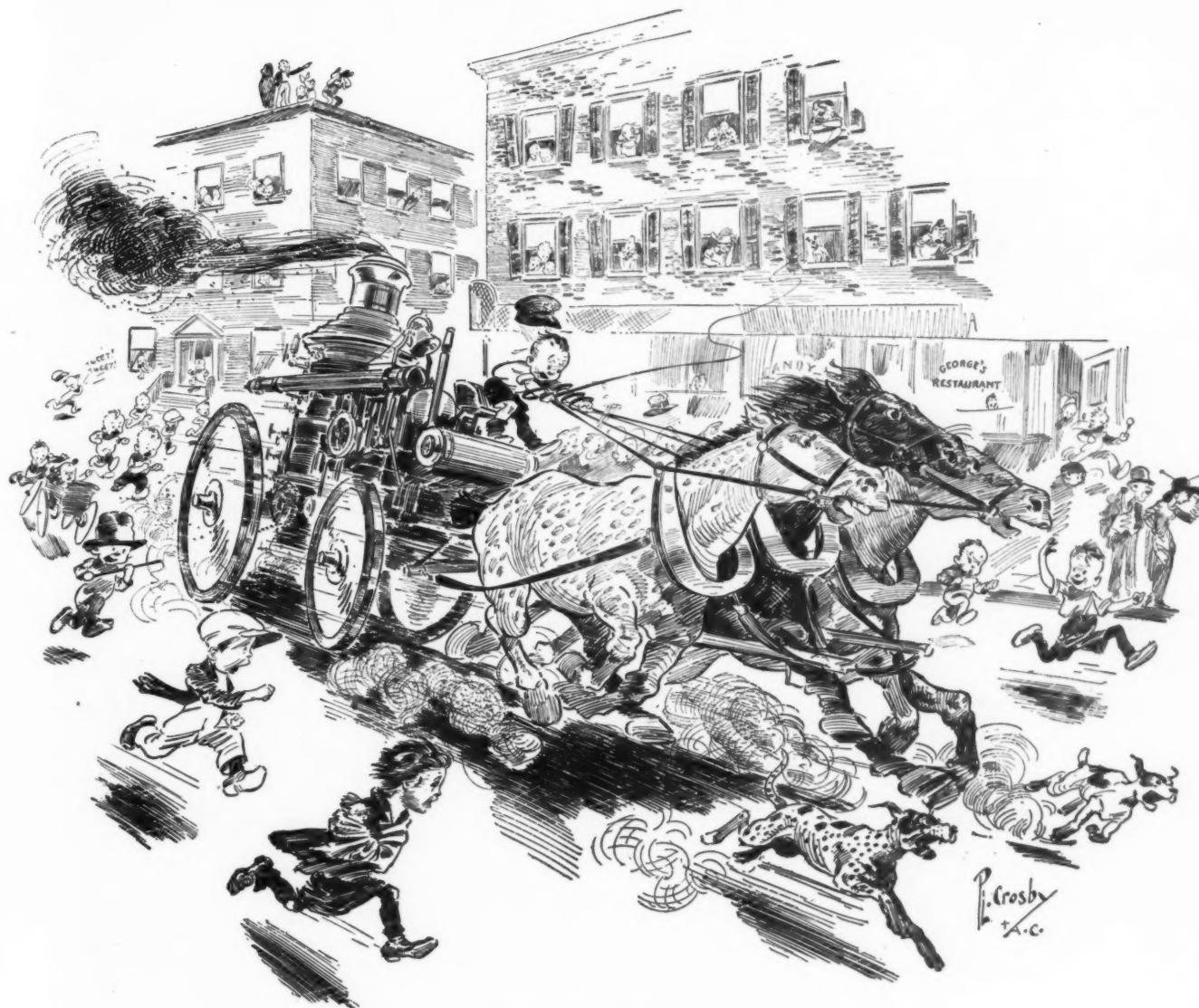
Mrs. Kallaher might have tried again to express her incredulity, but just then old Mother Coogan, next-door neighbor, thrust a red excited face through the kitchen door.

"Mary Kallaher, is your man home?"

"Why shouldn't he be?"

Mrs. Coogan entered and stood, one hand clutching a newspaper, the other pointing dramatically at Kallaher. "It may be so, but he don't look it," she said.

Before they could question her she began reading from the paper: "Mike Kallaher, a ditch digger on the new Twelfth Street sewer, is a small man but mighty. A horse, driven too near the ditch to-day, fell in. 'Begorra,' said Mike, 'can't a man work in peace?' He laid down his shovel, spat on his hands and heaved the horse back into the street. The foreman



EVERY BOY'S AMBITION

from being swelled out so far, and he let out his breath with a sigh.

A suave young man was admitted. After ascertaining that Mike Kallaher really lived in this place he asked Mike how he was feeling.

"Good," was the truculent answer.

"No injuries from your little adventure this afternoon?"

"Injured, is it? Not a bit—not a bit."

"I'm glad to hear that. I'm assist-

ant manager of the Burke Construction Company. We heard one of our horses fell on you to-day, so I came down to help out if you were hurt. We thought we could afford to pay a few hundred dollars on doctor bills." The young man smiled pleasantly. "But since you're not hurt and are so willing to admit it, we won't have that pleasure. Good-bye." He got up and went.

Kallaher had forgotten to swell out

his chest again. He sat drooping in his chair. His wife was no longer tentative.

"Horse heaver, is it?" She advanced, menacing. "Horse heaver? You poor mick! There goes your chance to be a cripple for life and die rich."

She pulled his face up by the front hair and slapped him like a mother.

"Horse heaver, is it? Take that, now!"

And Kallaher took it.

• LIFE •

New Shocks Wanted

ONE of our perils is that we have entirely lost the power to be shocked. We have evolved into such efficient and elastic shock-absorbers that nothing is able to feaze us. That protects us from the new and unexpected shocks, while we have become so calloused toward the known and traditional shocks as to be quite heedless of them. The result is that our urbanity is perfected to an alarming degree.

We do not recognize anything as sinful. We run across a misdemeanor or a peccadillo now and then, but there is nothing within our present purview that rises to the dignity of the old-fashioned-knock-down-drag-out-and-eternally-roast order. The devil set us a high standard in the beginning, but we have reached it and are now independent of him.

Having been told to go and sin no more, we did it, but in our own ingenious way by giving sin more euphonious appellations. With dauntless spirit, ably assisted by musical-comedy proprietors, financiers, politicians, adulterators, "higher critics" and the like, we have gone up to one after another of those ten menacing thou-shalt-nots of the decalogue, pulled their stings, extracted their teeth, filed their claws, tipped their horns and sugared their venom.

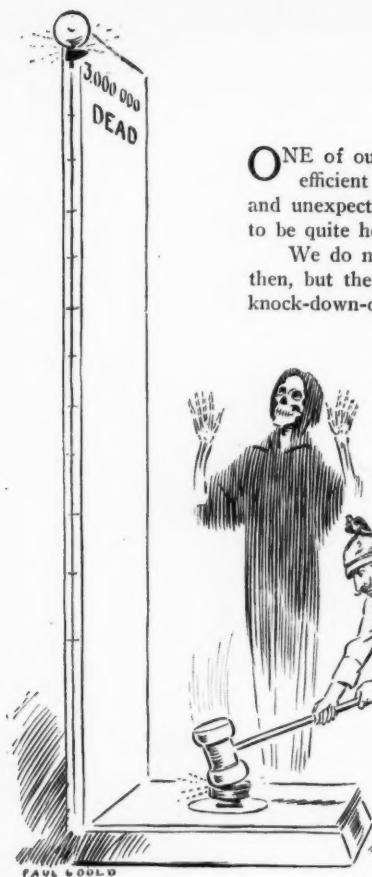
Whether or not we are better off without those particular classical sins it must be for theologians to discuss, but it is clear that we must have something in their place. There must always be something that can be depended upon to shock us. Otherwise we are in danger of becoming too self-satisfied and men-of-the-worldly. We put a moral chip on our shoulders and say, "Make us blush if you dare," but no worthy challenger comes forward. Novelists and dramatists are doing their best, but they are still using the same old shockless shocks. What can be done? Who will save us from the confirmed lackadaisicality toward which we are bounding at breakneck speed?

E. O. J.

Defined

THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD: What's an "old bachelor," Madge?

THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD: It's a person that thinks he has a perfect right to kiss you because he happens to have a speaking acquaintance with some of your relatives.

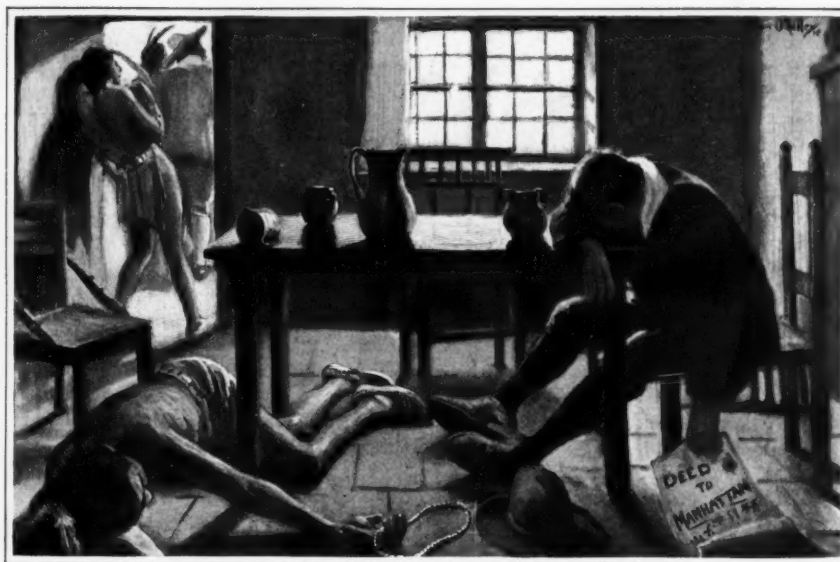


THE RECORD

The Passing of Parochials

TIME was when New England shore town boys hired out to help sail schooners and thereby saw the world. Nowadays they like to learn to run a motor and hire out to the summer visitors, and so in time they see what lies beyond the village limits.

Talk about the effect of the crusades in loosening up parochialism in Europe! The movies and the motors and the trolley cars have modern parochialism flat on its back! Even in Europe a peasant who has not seen his Carcassonne will soon be more of a curiosity than Carcassonne itself.



TIRED BUSINESS MEN



Tom Swackhamer 1915

PEACE
HIS MONOMANIA



AUGUST 12, 1915

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NO doubt the Germans will be in Warsaw before this issue of LIFE reaches its readers; but, apparently, they will find an empty city, captured at very great cost and not especially profitable if the Russian armies that defended it get away. And at this writing the prospect is that they will get away. We shall not be able to read as yet the items of the bill that the Germans have paid for Warsaw, but it is very heavy.

The first year of the war has come to its close with this German success and with no very significant changes on the line of the western trenches, and with the Dardanelles still closed and Italy hammering cautiously but pretty hard at Austria. The Allies have lately had some serious losses and no great recent successes; nevertheless, it is not the opinion hereabouts that matters are going dangerously well for the cohorts of *Kultur*. There are lots of Germans, but there is not quite no end to them. The German resources are enormous, the German energy and diligence is prodigious, the German willingness to spend lives is appalling, but the Germans are not knocking anybody out. The inference is from the information we get that after Warsaw the Russians will still be about as troublesome as ever. The Germans can kill and capture great numbers of Russians, but they cannot do it easily. It is very hard work and very costly in German lives, and there are always many more Russians left than Germans.

After a year of war there is nothing

in sight but more war. The tide of war-material is rising against the Germans. In all the allied countries the war factories seem to be increasing their output and steadily creeping up on the German superiority in facilities for destroying civilization. Germans at home do not seem to like the way things are going. Some of the Social-Democrats make bitter complaints of the war, and are able to print them. It is in the papers at this writing that Maximilian Harden has been sent away from Berlin, which is interesting if true, for Harden has an inveterate propensity for blurting out truths. For weeks, while the German drive in Poland has been going on, the main items of news have been of German successes, but they have not materially bettered the prospect of eventual German success. The question that presses is not so much will Germany win as how much of existing civilization will she be able to destroy before she is beaten.



FOR there are people nowadays who offer you the opinion that our civilization is in a very precarious state. They think this war may be the end of it. Not that we will dress in skins and live in trees and caves again before the war is over, but that somehow we shall all be so hard hit that our apparatus of industry, order and exchange may crumble. They feel that

if the destruction of wealth and lives goes on much longer at the present rate our world will be bankrupt and have to be closed to business and pass through a receivership. When you say there will still be people and they can still plant and reap and grind and support life and make and swap commodities, they speak of the public debts that are piling up by the hundred billion dollars. When you say the countries will have to dump their debts if they can't pay them, they tell you that our civilization rests on credit, that the repudiation of national debts would destroy credit, and that the consequences would be a social collapse.

There is doubtless something in what such persons say. Most of us have no clear idea of what war debts mean. Current destruction of life looks like a loss that twenty or thirty years will repair; the diversion of industrial energy from useful commodities to war material is wasteful, of course, and destruction is immensely wasteful, but the idea of a general condition of human existence in which people who do not personally cultivate a potato patch will have no potatoes comes slowly to realization.



SOME such idea as that seems to be back in the heads of persons who fear that the war, if it goes on long enough, may destroy our civilization. The Thirty Years' War reduced Germany to a condition where people who did not have potato patches died. More than half her population died. If it is going to be necessary to reduce her again to that condition the consequences will be extremely severe not only to her, but to everybody concerned in doing it, for it will be a very big job and take a long time. So, of course, it will be better for everybody if it is possible to compass the restoration of the Germans to sanity without reducing them and a large part of the rest of Europe to the individual-potato-patch level of existence. For we are used to such civilization as we have, and would miss it, however



"I ARISE TO STATE THAT PERHAPS WE NEED A BETTER NAVY, AFTER ALL."

harshly we aver that it is a poor thing. For most of us motor-drawn, tailor-clad creatures to be shaken out of our tree of life and have to start again somewhere, maybe as pilgrim fathers, would come as a hard jolt, however much good it might eventually do our characters.

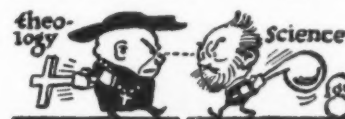
That is the excuse for everybody who practices or prays or even babbles to stop the war. We are all concerned, all endangered by it.

What is it for, anyway? What must be accomplished before it can safely stop? Napoleon had an errand in the world and did it—rather overdid it in

the end. He pretty well exploded the divine right of kings, which has looked foolish ever since he made a butt of it, in spite of its mischievous survival in Prussia. That this war will extend Napoleon's work in that respect has all along seemed probable. But that is not enough. Is there enough good in German *Kultur* to justify so great an expense to advertise it to the world? Napoleon could not conquer the world, but he could change it, and, that done, he passed on out. Prussia cannot conquer the world, but she has been able to change it, and it may be that is her errand, and when it is done

she will pass on out as Napoleon did. The Great Administrator used Napoleon to plow Europe for the planting of democracy. It may be the use of Prussia is to plow it—and all the world—for a planting of order. We don't like German *Kultur* as we see it, but no one can deny that it is a great crop. It could not have been raised unless the Prussian tares had been allowed to grow up with it; but harvest it, thresh it and fan the tares out of it, and it may be food the world needs. *Kultur*—what is good of it—may conquer the world, though Prussia never can, and if it is or contains or leads to the method that secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the world may get to like it.

At all events, at present German methods have all the world under instruction and are prodding it at every point. For the only cure for the world just now seems to be a hair of the dog that bit it. If it has to kill the dog to get the hair, that will be a pity, but such details seem beyond human arrangement



POPE BENEDICT has spoken up very powerfully and prayerfully for peace. It suits his office so to speak. He does not suggest specific methods for getting and keeping it—an international police force or any such expedient. He simply declares that the war is altogether dreadful and unchristian and pleads with the belligerent nations to quit.

That is about all the Holy Father can do. One does not see how he could go further unless he should beseech the Almighty to incline the hearts of the German and Austrian Kaisers to gather up their entire families and clear out and go and live in the woods. He might strengthen this petition by threatening to excommunicate the Austrian Emperor if he did not cut loose from his heretical allies and abate his aggressions upon Europe. Perhaps he is keeping these bolts in reserve for use when things get worse and the peril to mankind becomes so grave as to warrant use of weapons supposed to be obsolete.





Tragic Moments

HIS TRAIN LEAVES IN TWENTY MINUTES AND THIS IS HIS LAST CHANCE

On the Wrong Trail

HE approached the proprietor of the select but distinguished watering place.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but my time is limited, and I suppose I can rely upon you to facilitate matters."

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh, the usual thing. I might state that I am a married man; but that, of course, will make no difference. Wife is ruralizing with the children hundreds of miles away. We will keep that dark, however."

"You will have to be more explicit, sir. We are only too glad to be of service to our guests, if you will tell me just what you want."

The stranger smiled mysteriously.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I just want the regular thing. See that beautiful girl out there? She'll do. You might introduce me to her. Of course, the others will be jealous, but—"

"That young lady, sir, is engaged to one of the most distinguished young business men in the state."



Househusband: YES, I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD, SQUARE MEAL AFTER YOU SAW SOME WOOD

Trampette: MY BACK'S TOO LAME, BUT, INSTEAD, I COULD LECTURE ON SUFFRAGE BEFORE YOUR LITERARY SOCIETY



PUTTING ONE OVER ON THE CONSTABLE

"Oh, well, I'm not fussy. The one next to her will do."

"My daughter, sir."

"How about that group of beauties you can see through that window? I wouldn't mind being surrounded by a bevy like that. All I want you to do is to get me going. Can only be here a couple of days. I—"

The proprietor's face flushed.

"You may not be here that long, sir," he replied, "if you show such a singular disregard for good behavior. What kind of a place do you think this is?"

"Why, the usual thing, isn't it?"

"What do you conceive to be the usual thing?"

"Why, a place where hundreds of beautiful girls, reeking with lonesomeness, await the arrival of almost any man. A place where I can forget my cares and just sit on the piazza night after night or stroll on the beach with a bevy of beauties who are crazy with jealousy of each other. That's about the idea."

"Have you ever been to a watering place before?"

"No, sir."

"Where did you get your idea?"

"Reading about 'em. Moonlight nights—sheen on water—flirtations galore—occasional rescues of beautiful maidens from drowning—any man welcome. Isn't that about it?"

"That's what you read in the

periodicals, but it isn't true. If we should run our hotel on that principle we wouldn't have a guest left in a week. No, sir. It's a fairy story. No summer resort that was ever built remotely resembles the newspaper description of it. Front! Here, boy! Take the gentleman's key and get the baggage out of his room. Train leaves in half an hour, sir. Sorry, but you must go. No place for a married man with your ambitions. Better join your wife."

And as the disappointed guest moved off silently toward the door the proprietor heard him mutter to himself: "Fooled! Fooled once more by the base press of the United States!"

The Pinch for Hyphens

DR. STERN, of Milwaukee, who thinks Germany is all right and the opposed faction of mankind all wrong, being asked what he will do if Germany and the United States come to war, replies: "Our loyalty ought not to be questioned. We have the will to duty. We should act according to conscience though our hearts might break."

One can sympathize with German feelings without at all accepting the German mental attitude. Let us hope that Dr. Stern's heart will not be subjected to an excessive strain.



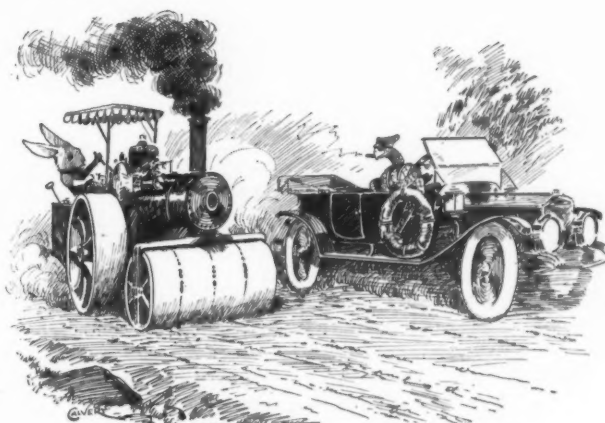
THE TRUE OPTIMIST

Patriotism and Provincial Pride

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Chicago Tribune* says the Mexicans hate the United States. But how can that be? All we have done is to go down there and try to get hold of all their valuable possessions and to threaten them with war-ships if they offered too strenuous objections.

According to the *Tribune* correspondent, this hatred is "founded on that provincial pride, sometimes miscalled patriotism, that makes the people of one geographical partition feel they have reason to despise those of another."

Thus once again do different points of view encumber our vocabularies and confuse our sentiments. Patriotism is a beautiful thing until you have crossed an imaginary line and look back at it. Then, presto! it is suddenly converted into an unworthy sentiment called provincial pride. So long as that is the case patriotism will never be the exact science that it ought to be.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE
EVENING UP OLD SCORES

THE LATEST BOOKS

WILL IRWIN'S "Men, Women and War" (Appleton's, \$1.00) is like a struck tuning-fork. As soon as war was declared last summer Will Irwin, very "up to date," very much alive, very curious, responsive to his finger tips, rushed to "the front." He has put down here, quite simply, what he saw and heard and felt in Belgium, Paris, London during the first three months. The book does not play a tune. It gives out a single note. Not a clamant note. Just an intensely vibrant one. And authentic. Instantly recognizable. The note of the old intellectualism, idealism, optimism (or was it "optimiasma?") suddenly faced with reality. The note of realization that a world ended last August.

ON the other hand, another of the newest books plays a curious, mocking, alternately hilarious and pathetic tune based on this same note of realization. The book (Doran, \$1.35) is entitled "Boon: The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil and The Last Trump. Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon. Prepared for Publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells." Of course the *George Boon* who was "killed by the war" typifies that side of the intellectual Wells that suffered that fate. Of course Bliss, the alleged editor, *Boon's* intimate and "literary executor," is the surviving portion of Wells's ante-bellum self. Of course the three fragmentary "pieces," the semi-Bergsonian skit called "The Mind of the Race," with its core of philosophical idealism and its rollicking inserts of literary criticisms and ironies, the political farce of "The Wild Asses" and the religious fable of "The Last Trump" are selections from the played-with ideas and half-finished performances that the "sudden death" of last August found in the back of *Boon's* brain and writing-desk. And, of course, as the ambiguous introduction says, the whole is "the obituary of more than George Boon."

BUT recognizing that you are dead is always a strenuous business. Being graciously and contentedly dead-and-alive according to Hoyle is much more restful. So one hastens to point out the presence of this latter Lethe in "The Taming of Zenas Henry" (Doran, \$1.25), by Sara Ware Bassett. *Zenas* was an old batch and a Queer Dick who had a temper and lived on Cape Cod. *Abbie* (with no feminist implications whatever) married him and did the taming. And there were accessories both before and after the fact—notably three old captains and a mortgage and an orphan and a non-cranberry bog. Reading the tale is like watching some one play solitaire and so manipulate the pack as to "get it" every time.

THE volume of stories by Dorothy Canfield called "Hillsboro People" (Holt, \$1.35) has, as it happens, for a sort of general thesis the getting over of a realization of being alive—the realization that country dwellers ("country jakes" expresses the thing perfectly) are quite as humanly alive as city folk, if not more so, once you get next to them.



MOULTING

And while the book, so stated, may sound like a piece of special pleading, the stories themselves are fiction of sound character and of varied colorfulness. There are a dozen and a half of these Vermont tales—good, plain, sound neighborhood stuff—and no dealing off the bottom of the pack, either.

"THE BREAKING POINT" (Broadway Publishing Co., \$1.50), by Annie Austin Flint, is a first novel that deals (with a sort of short-circuited solemnity) with a situation of "double personality"—a young gentleman who, as his normal self, is engaged to a girl in his own class, but who, in his alternative character, wanders off and marries the buxom daughter of a German eating-house proprietor. The events alleged are "perfectly possible." But little is made of them to render them either dramatically or fictionally relevant. However, reviewers also have double personalities. It would be as unfair to the author not to mention scattered passages of real seeing-and-recording in the book as it would be unfair to approaching readers not to wig-wag to them to stand clear.

GOOD taste, if it be real, always in some measure expresses personality. It is always, if it is alive, an individualized version of a general truth. Which doubtless accounts for the suggestion of the ridiculous that always clings to all professed guides to estheticism. A little volume by Elkin Wallick called "Inexpensive Furnishings in Good Taste" (Hearst's International Library, \$1.25), although quite frankly a guide for the inexperienced, is not without this suggestion. But its frankness, its practicality, its own tastefulness and its lack of dogmatizing save it from the actuality. It is, indeed, a serviceable handbook. It is illustrated with actually existing and easily obtainable furniture. And it quotes prices.

J. B. Kerfoot.



IF IT SUDDENLY BECAME KNOWN THAT GOLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD



Rabid Teetotaller: SAVED FROM THE WRECK, BUT I OWE MY LIFE TO A B-BEER BARREL!

He Needed Rest

KIND hands led him to the police ambulance. There was that in his face which demanded pity. The judge gazed upon him benevolently.

"You found him," he said to the officers in charge, "brandishing a pistol and muttering. Ah, prisoner, what have you to say?"

The prisoner stood up.

"If," he said, "we have twelve submarines with an average speed of nine miles on the level, what is the total horse-power of our siege-guns? Having landed Belgium on Long Island, one hundred thousand strong, we first grab the Metropolitan Tower and then—but peace! I say peace! Great Josephus, hand me the Mellin's Food! No soft drink has passed my fevered lips for days. Also, it is nine miles from the mountains of Jersey, and who, I say, shall prevent the landing? Base navy! Ah! I—"

The judge motioned to the officer.

"Take him away; give him a good, square meal and a night's rest. He is only some poor citizen who has been reading the editorials in the *New York Tribune* on the nation's unpreparedness."

My Navy

(A Patriotic Solo by Hon. Josephus Daniels, N. C. B.)

MY navy, 'tis of thee,
Right hand of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Ships that my fathers tried!
Ships once the Pilgrims' pride!
From every port-holed side
Let grape-juice spring!

My country's navy, thee,
Hand of neutrality,
Thy name I love;
I love thy sailor boys,
Thy dress parades and noise,
In fact, all harmless joys
Brought by the Dove.

Let music swell the breeze,
And float out o'er the seas,
While dreadnoughts prance;
Let bands marine awake,
Let crews their work forsake,
Our navy's rank's at stake—
On with the dance!

Nation-wide press, through thee,
Fount of publicity,

I lift my song:

Long may our task be slight,
And Woodrow's guiding light
Protect us from the fight—

Great guns! we're strong.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Almost Too Late

If doctors would only get the idea out of their heads that if a person has appendicitis the only thing to do is to sit down and watch the case for twenty-four hours and then operate if the patient is not moribund, there would be fewer deaths from operation. We are beginning to realize that appendicitis is often a medical and not surgical disease.

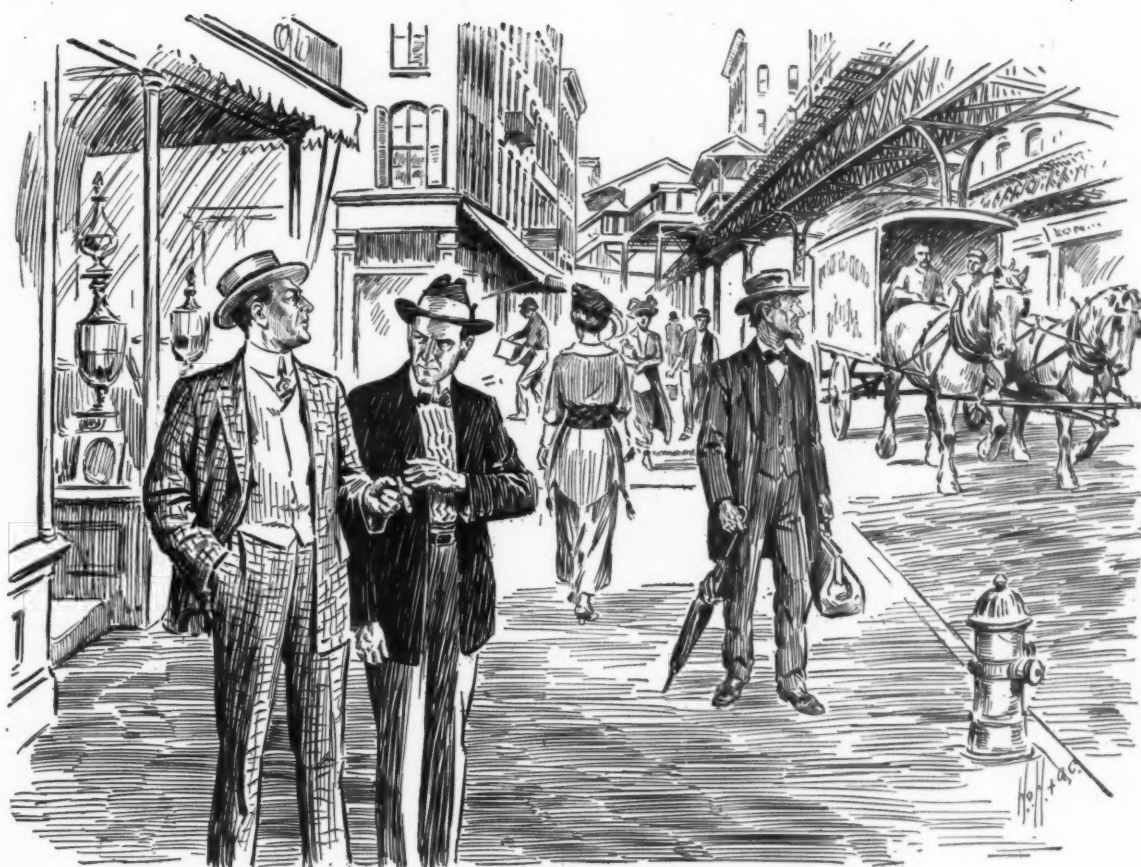
—Dr. C. H. Newth, in *Medical Brief*.

IF there is anybody who still has his beloved appendix upon his person he will welcome this belated bit of information; but we of the great bereft majority can only look dumbly upon these pregnant words and heave a prodigious sigh.



Robert L. Doolittle, no.

THE INTRODUCTION



Confidence Man: I SEEN HIM FIRST, JOE
His Pal: LET'S TOSS FOR HIM

On Life's Wire

"HELLO. LIFE?"

"Yes."

"This is the University of California speaking."

"You don't say. It is incredible that a voice should carry so plainly clear across the continent. What can we do for you?"

"Can you keep a secret, LIFE?"

"Absolutely and inviolably. It is one of our specialties."

"Well, then, I want to say confidentially that we are worrying considerably about our president."

"Mr. Wheeler?"

"Full title, please. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler."

"What has he been doing, U. of C.?"

"He is so markedly pro-German. By making German speeches and in other ways he has manifested a profound love for the Kaiser's Kapers. He even interfered with activities here on behalf of poor, downtrodden Belgium."

"This is highly interesting, to be sure. How do you account for such a curious idiosyncrasy? Has he ever before given evidence of autocratic and militaristic proclivities?"

"Never so offensively, LIFE. Some ascribe the trouble to the fact that Dr. Wheeler once experienced the supreme honor of dining with the Kaiser. The event is thought to have made such a deep impression upon him that he has never recovered. Believe me, LIFE, it is unpleasant. Out here in the rough and rugged West we have the notion

that an educational institution should have democratic and not autocratic ideals."

"And you are perfectly right, University of California. If the facts are as you say you are entitled to much sympathy. What are you going to do about it?"

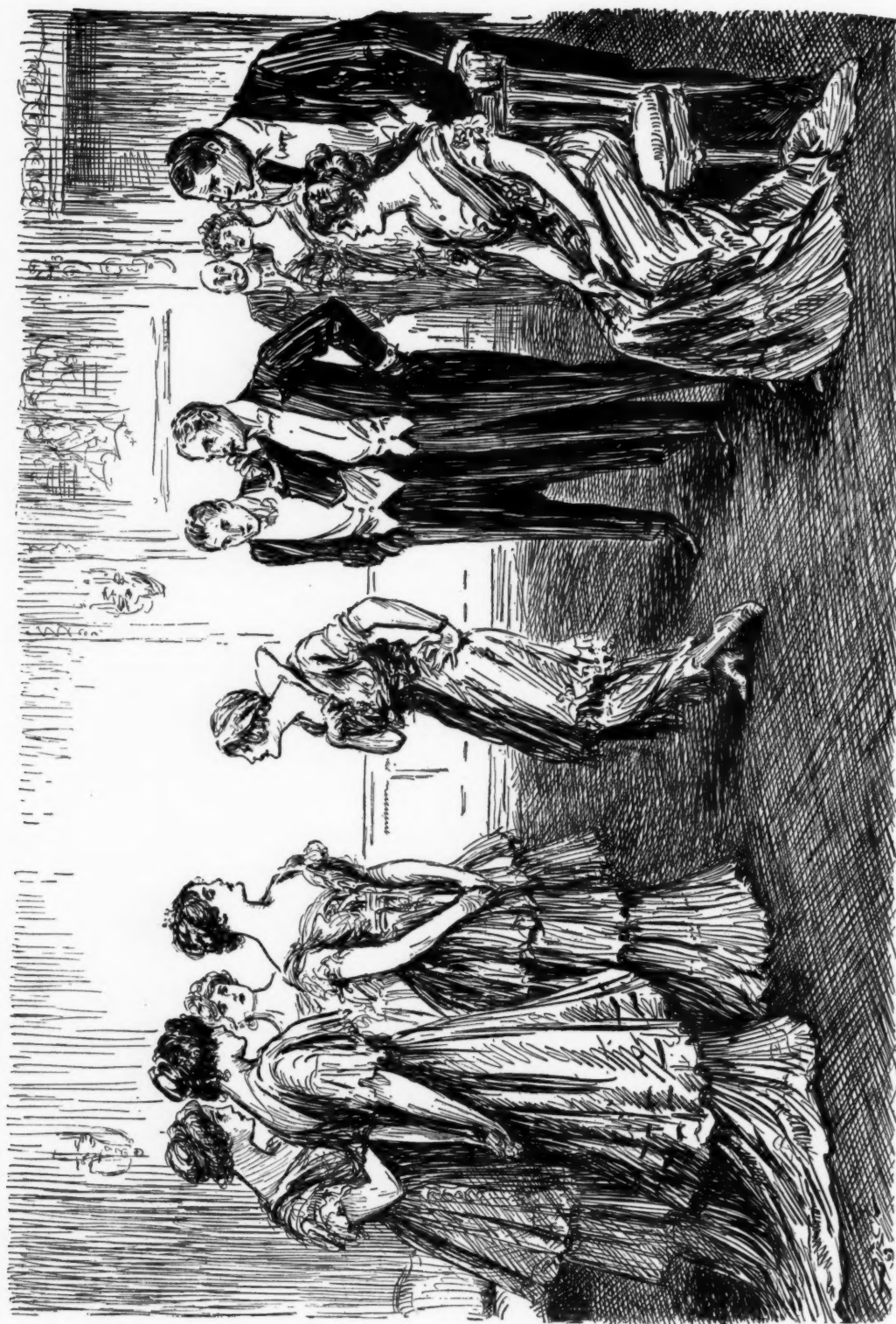
"Haven't quite decided yet. Perhaps a little more watchful waiting will do no harm, but you can readily understand that it is a tremendous strain on the temper. I am still hoping it won't reach the bursting point."

"That's the proper spirit, University of California. Don't do anything rash."

"I'll try not to. Good-bye, LIFE."

"So long. Keep us advised."

E. O. J.



FASHIONS IN FIGURES
HOW THE GIRL OF TO-DAY MAY APPEAR

Interviews With Dead Celebrities

THE road map of Mesopotamia is not what it should be. I got lost several times, but at last, just at dusk, I came upon him sitting up against the haystack back of his woodshed.

"How does it seem to have been dead all these years?" I ventured, as a beginning.

"I don't mind it," said the old gentleman. "I don't have to read the editorials in the papers or the short stories in the magazines. No doctor prescribes for me, and no surgeon offers to cut me up at a maximum rate. I don't have to mingle with suffragettes, talk over the telephone, get run over by autos, eat in restaurants or listen to Chautauqua lectures. It's great to be dead."

"What I came for," I said, thinking it best, even with such a serious old gentleman, to plunge at once into the subject, "is to ask your opinion upon an important question. I presume you have heard of the United States of America?"

Methuselah—for the intelligent reader must by this time have suspected that it was none other than he—bowed austere.

"You mean the country that is too proud to fight or do anything else but make money out of other people's misfortune. Oh, yes, I have heard of that place. It's full of liberty-loving slaves, isn't it?"

"Well, something like that. Now, Mr. Methuselah, listen. It seems that, according to statistics, our men over forty are dying faster than is good for them. There are many signs that we are not so healthy as we were. The life-insurance companies have taken the matter up. Mr. Henry Ford says we eat too much. Mr. Edison adds to this that we sleep too much. The scientists say the cities wear us out. Now, a real opinion on the subject of how to live long from a leading authority like you will have real weight."

The old gentleman grew thoughtful. "Considering," he said, "that there was no Scotch whiskey or tobacco in my day and that I didn't sit up night after night eating Welsh rarebits and lobster Newburg and doing the tango,

I often wonder how I accomplished my great longevity feat. I used to do the best I could, however, with what opportunities I had. Our wine was all home-made, of course, but it was the Jersey lightning of my time, and used to keep me fairly well occupied."

"You always ate three square meals a day, didn't you?"

"And as many more as I could get. Then, just when I began to feel wopsy, Noah came along."

"Noah?"

"Yes. He was my grandson. I was three hundred and sixty-nine years old when he was born, and that little chap certainly was a help. Nothing like a grandchild to renew your youth. I kept having 'em after that. Why, a century wasn't much more trouble than passing a week-end on a Long Island estate."

"Then what shall I tell the insurance companies and Henry Ford and all the rest of them is your secret for a long life?"

Methuselah leaned up against the haymow.

"My boy," he said, "there is no particular set of rules. I say in general that if a man wants to live long let him marry often, repudiate his debts occasionally, absorb all the alcohol he can stand within reason, eat a goat a day, avoid all advice, keep having grandchildren and keep away from the doctors."

Luck On Our Side

IT turned out that Holt of Cornell was Muentner, lately of Harvard, wanted on a charge of wife murder. Crazy, no doubt, but very efficient, as the explosion on the Minnehaha helped to demonstrate. All things considered, it was wonderful, first, that with so disordered a mind he could do so much mischief; next, that his mischief should have failed by so slight a margin of doing serious harm. Everything was against us in the Muentner case except luck.



TIME IS MONEY

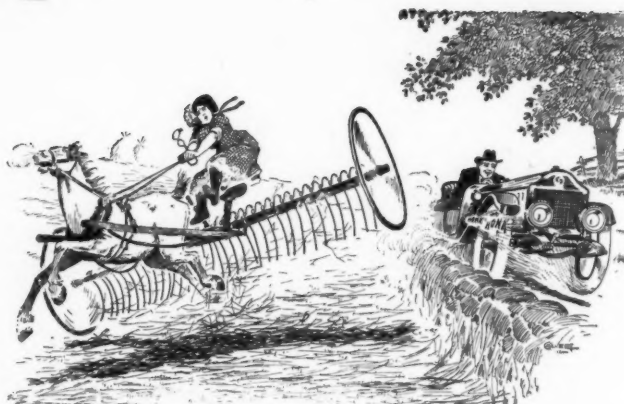
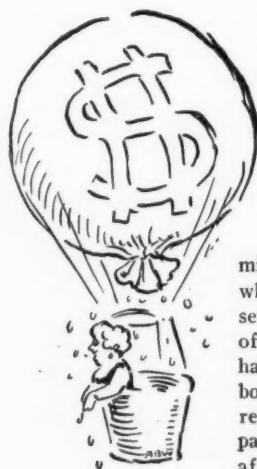
WHY NOT UTILIZE THAT WHICH WE WASTE WHILE TRAVELING?

A New Occupation

A SPECIAL dispatch from Harbor Point, Mich., tells of a most wonderful wedding comprising all the lavishness that ingenious American dollars are capable of. The bride is a Miss Barker, who, according to the dispatch, "is considered the wealthiest nineteen-year-old girl in the world."

Here is a new occupation for statisticians. If Miss Barker, with her thirty millions, is the wealthiest girl of nineteen, who is the wealthiest girl of eighteen and seventeen and sixteen and so on down, and of twenty-one and so on up? We ought to have this information neatly tabulated in a book, which should lie next to the social register on the center table in the front parlor. Then if a discussion should arise after dinner as to who was the wealthiest fair-fat-and-forty lady in the world, one could turn to this handy little compendium and decide the argument at once without unduly prolonging the strain upon the mental faculties of those present.

We often used to be regaled with all the harrowing details of a certain Brown child, who was pronounced the richest baby in the world; but that is too general. We should divide them up into classes, such as the richest new-born babe, the richest yearling, the richest babe of



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
The judge drove swiftly down the lane,
Tooting his horn with might and main.

two summers, the richest weaned baby, the richest boy, the richest girl, the richest pair of twins and the richest everything else we could possibly think of. Perhaps the newspapers might be induced to take the matter up as a regular duty and print these tables from time to time. They are certainly of as much importance as individual baseball records, race-horse performances, fluctuations in stock prices and arrivals at Atlantic City hotels.

Ellis O. Jones.



The Human Bridge: H-HANG O-ON TIGHT, MA'AM. I'M G-GOIN' TO S-SNEEZE



"ELLISON
HOOVER."



"EXTRA! NINETEEN MORE AMERICANS KILLED!"
"ONLY NINETEEN THIS TIME. THAT'S BETTER. I NEVER REALLY LOST FAITH IN GERMANY'S GOOD INTENTIONS."



"MY HUSBAND, HORTENSE, IS UTTERLY DEVOID OF AFFECTION"
 "PARDON, MADAME, I HAVE NOT FOUND HEEM ZO"

Public and Private

MR. J. LEVERING JONES is one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania and is also said to be a corporation attorney. When asked by the Philadelphia *North American* for an explanation of the dismissal of Professor Scott Nearing, he said:

"We don't feel we owe the public any explanation; what has the public got to do with it? Private men gave eighteen million dollars to the university before the State gave a dollar."

What could be fairer than that? When men can give so much money to a university they are undoubtedly rich enough to sever all relations with the public and they are entitled to have anything they wish taught in their university, no matter whether it is true or not. How can the public be so rude and so inconsiderate as to obtrude itself upon private affairs of this kind?

E. O. J.



"THE FOX AIN'T THERE, MISTER! HE WENT OVER THE HILL!"



"LUNCH IS READY, JOHN"

"ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'LL BE THROUGH IN A MINUTE"

Old Men Are Picked Men

IN Europe, Miss Addams says, it is an old man's war. In this country one notices among persons audible on the war-side of matters:

President Eliot, 81.
George F. Edmunds, 87.
Joseph H. Choate, 83.
Andrew D. White, 82.
Lyman Abbott, 79.

After all, the old men are picked men. They have survived, as a rule, because they have combined the most strength with the most sense. Among the active expositors and aiders of war in England behold (Lord) James Bryce, 77; Sir William Crookes, 83; Lord Brassey, 78. It seems to be that a thoroughly live man is liable to remain alive until he dies.

Choose, Ladies

AN office is a place where women do what men want done.

A home is a place where men do what women want done.



Shade of Hippocrates: HE, HE! THAT'S THE SAME STUFF I USED TO TELL 'EM!

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by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.*



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*To quench hot
weather thirst drink
The Champagne
of Table Waters*



*Bubbling with its
own Carbonic Gas.*





A Queer Time to Boast

Two men sat on the river bank, fishing. One had a bite, and in the excitement he fell into the water. The other man watched him struggle, but did nothing to aid him.

"I can't swim!" shouted the man in the water. He went under, and when he came up he shouted again: "I can't swim!"

The man on the bank watched him with languid interest.

The man in the water sank again. When he came up he gasped: "I can't swim!"

"Well, my friend," commented the man on the bank, "this is a queer time to be boasting of it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Sounded Like It

"Gertrude," asked the teacher, "what were the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

"It had something to do with automobiles, but I did not understand just what," replied Gertrude.

"Oh, no!" said the teacher. "That was before the day of automobiles."

"Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxis," said Gertrude, firmly.

—*Harper's Magazine*.



"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

Who Is to Blame?

"Not we," the rulers shout;
"And how the war has come about
We can't make out."

"Not we," statesmen protest.
"Our wish for peace we oft expressed;
We did our best."

"Not we," the nations cry.
Across the sea denials fly
Incessantly.

And 'mid the Babel, still
The toilers ask in mine and mill,
"Who'll pay the bill?"

—*H. J. Dawtrey, in Chicago Public*.

Limousine With Heavy Tread

He was wandering aimlessly around in a department store when the floorwalker approached him.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man.

"Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of a limousine with heavy tread and usually runs on low."—*Ohio Motorist*.

"Don't hate a man because he has lots of money," counsels a Eureka philosopher. "Cultivate his acquaintance and see if there isn't some honest way you can separate him from some of it."

—*Kansas City Star*.

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ANGUS GORDON, Manager

Rhymed Reviews

Still Jim

(By Honoré Willis. F. A. Stokes Co.)

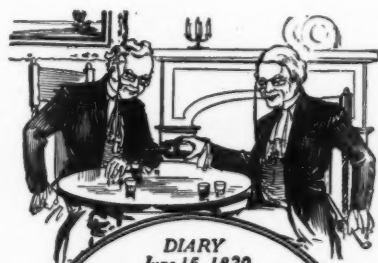
QUOTH Jim, a chip of Plymouth
Rock,
"Alack! our staunch New England
kin is
Submerged beneath this foreign flock
Of Hunkies, Dagoes, Wops and
Ginneys!

"I'll start a tribe, like Abraham,"
He vowed, "and, maybe, save the
Nation!"—
Then started West to build a dam
For purposes of Reclamation.

But while some hundred hours a week
He spent in working hard and hop-
ing,
His Girl ran off and wed a Greek
Who paralyzed himself eloping.

And when his dam was nearly done,
Misled by slanders, sily spoken,
The thankless farmers, every one,
Were keen to have him shelved and
broken.

His Girl came out (the Husband died
In time to make our ending happy);
And Jim renounced the silent pride
That kept the settlers feeling scrappy.



DIARY
June 15, 1820

After court adjourned,
I brought the Judge home
to dine. We related many a witty
anecdote after dinner over our bottle of

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

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of Old Overholt has won
the appreciation of men of
highest integrity. Possesses a
uniform quality and exquis-
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majority prefer Remington-UMC by
reason of Remington-UMC achieve-
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the performance of Remington-UMC
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simply pull the trigger for each shot. Solid
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the difference in guns.

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Woolworth Bldg. (233 Broadway) New York City



Around among the farms he went
And talked so well that all the
neighbors
Implored the U. S. Government
To let him consummate his labors.

This tale would seem to inculcate
A lot of Lessons, hard to swallow:
That, first of all, The Girl won't
wait;
So marry now, let Fortune follow;

That childless races disappear
And pride of race is no elixir;
And that a man to boss things here
Must learn to be a first-class mixer.
Arthur Guiterman.

A WOMAN thinks she has done
more than is expected of her if
she comes within an hour of meeting
her appointment with another woman
and finds that the other woman is
already there.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Know Him?

"What do you think of my graduation essay?" asked the young man.

"Fine!" replied his father. "Only I'm afraid a lot of people are going to be bashful about offering plain wages to a man whose intellect is so much above the average."—*Washington Star*.

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The Restorative

MADGE: So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work?

MARJORIE: Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the papers nine times.

—*London Opinion*.

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Progressive

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some time after, he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" asked he.

"He is well, thank you," said his wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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Happy Man

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the very old gentleman, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs was discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."—*Washington Star*.

"Was it your craving for drink that brought you here?" asked the sympathetic visitor at the jail.

"Great Scott, ma'am! Do I look so stupid as to mistake this place for a saloon?"—*Buffalo Courier*.

"I HAD a seventy-mile drive yesterday," she said, enthusiastically.

"There ain't no such thing," retorted the golf player, grimly.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Life's Short Story Contest

First Prize	\$1000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	250

HOW short can a short story be and yet be a short story? LIFE would like to know. So would every writer, and, therefore, all writers are invited to join with LIFE in making a practical test.

LIFE invites contributions of original short stories. For the best ones received before noon of October 4, 1915, it will award three prizes—\$1,000, \$500 and \$250.

CONDITIONS

No story must exceed fifteen hundred words in length.

There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic; but jokes, anecdotes,



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New York

epigrams or verses do not come within the scope of the contest.

All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in LIFE will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write.

To illustrate: if the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive \$140, or ten cents a word for the fourteen hundred words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story.

The stories will be published in LIFE as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis which has just been defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the \$1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner:

The Editors of LIFE will first select, out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will then be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. In case, for any reason, any one or more of these twelve authors should be unable

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to act as judge, then the contest will be decided by the rest.

Each of the judges will, of course, if he so wishes, vote for his own story first, so that the final result may probably be determined by the combined second, third and fourth choices of all the judges. This, however, will not affect the result. In case of a division of opinion among the judges, the Editors of LIFE will cast the deciding vote.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the last story has been published in LIFE. Of this there will be due notice. Manuscripts will be accepted from now on as fast as they can be passed upon.

In every case they should be addressed, "To the Editor of LIFE's Short Story

Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City," and the author's name and address should be plainly written upon the manuscript, which should be accompanied by return postage in case of rejection. The editors will exercise due care in returning unavailable contributions, but will not hold themselves responsible for loss. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies.

All manuscripts must be at LIFE office by noon of Monday, October 4, 1915. No manuscript received after that date will be considered. Each contestant may send in as many manuscripts as he desires.

If any of the rules of this contest are violated the Editors of LIFE reserve the right to debar the contributions.

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The Children's Fashions Number is now on sale. Order from your newsdealer before the edition is all sold. In addition to a complete presentation of autumn clothing for children, this number has illustrated articles on children's gardens, children's playrooms, children's dances, and pages of photographs of Japanese children, Royal children, children of well-known mothers, etc.; every page reflecting the sweetness and beauty of child life at its best.

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LIFE
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**"Oh! Mother—Come Quick! Baby's Eating
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